THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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Here and There.

HIS Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal was present with the two Princes, his sons, at the 25th anniversary festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, held on Monday evening at St. James's Hall, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the chair.

His Highness was also present, on Wednesday evening last, at the anniversary dinner of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, held at the London Tavern, under the presidency of Lord George Hamilton, M.P. for Middlesex.

Mr. Bruce has fixed Wednesday, the 1st of June, for the general inspection of metropolitan cabs. As all the Hansoms will be at Epsom, the inspector is likely to have a quiet day.

Several gentlemen attached to the garrison at Shorncliffe Camp, near Folkestone, have started a four-in-hand coach service between the last-named place and Canterbury. The distance of twenty miles each way is to be gone over three days every week during the summer months—viz., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—and the drag, which is well appointed, bears the significant name of the "Good Old Times."

A pretty thing overheard at the Academy:—Old Lord Blankington, who is as shortsighted as he is gallant, passed pretty Mrs. Rippe in the crowd, in his usual unconscious manner. Not to be denied, the lady gave chase, and having hunted him down, exclaimed reproachfully, "Lord Blankington, you passed me without giving me even a look." "If I had looked, madam," answered the old beau, "I could not have passed."

A few days ago Mr. H. Ashcroft, Preston, contractor, incautiously put the end of a cigar which he had been smoking into his pocket, in which, as he seems to have forgotten, he had previously put a sample of blasting powder. The result was fearful. Mr. Ashcroft was hurled a considerable distance by the explosion of the powder, his clothes were ignited, and he has sustained injuries which, it is feared, will result in his death. It is stated that one of his eyes is destroyed.

Une œillade persistante, c'est le tutoiement de l'œil.

The *Pays* tells a very extraordinary story, which we repeat with considerable incredulity, not finding it confirmed in any other paper. The organ of the Cassagnacs says that a corporal of a regiment of the Guards went to the *Rappel* office to deny that there was any pressure in barracks to make the soldiers vote "Yes." On delivering himself of his mission, a gentleman on the staff of the *Rappel* (so says the *Pays*) showed him the door, and gave him a kick to hasten his departure through it. Thereupon the corporal "threw the *Rappel* writer out of the window!" The whole staff of the journal then fell upon the corporal, but he vanquished them all by blows and kicks, and effected his retreat with all the honours of war. The unfortunate *rédacteur* thrown out of the window is now lying in a hospital, and seriously hurt.

"What makes you abuse women so?" asked A of B. "The fear of being mistaken," replied B.

"Where the deuce have you put my barometer," enquired a country squire of his man, an importation from the wilds of Suffolk. "I heard you say, sir, that the higher it was, the finer the weather; so as I knew you were going to ride to the 'sizes to day I hung it in the front attic."

IN THE CITY:
"How are you?"
"Very well indeed."
"And business?"
"Flourishing."
"And Mrs. X?"
"Ah! my dear friend, my poor wife is half dead."
"Well, well, there is no complete happiness below."

A spinster went to a well known lawyer and engaged him to manage a suit for her, in which she claimed a legacy, to which her right was disputed. The suit was lost, and the poor maiden said to the lawyer, "How can I ever repay you for all the time and trouble which you have taken on my account? I have nothing but my heart to give you." "My clerk takes the fees—go to him," answered the lawyer gruffly.

Entendu dans un cabinet de Bréhant:
Lui.—"Allons! entre la poire et le calembour, vous ne me refuserez pas un baiser!"
Elle.—"Monsieur, je vous ai déjà prévenu que je ne détaille pas!"

A well-known lady of—undoubted—reputation has had her note paper headed with the device of a lighted lamp, and the motto, "Entretenez-moi, ou je meurs!" She should have added, "A little oil will be esteemed a favour."

"Jalousies," says Mrs. Smith, "should be painted green; *Prussiennes*, blue."

"How are you to-day?" asked the benevolent Doctor P. of one of his Irish patients, at Guy's. "Faith, Doctor," groaned the poor fellow, "I'm that bad that if anny one was to tell me I was clane dead I'd not be surprised at all at all."

Rooster (we blush to record it) has been again at one of those dreadful *bals masqués:* gentleman's tickets 10*s.*, lady's *and* gentleman's 15*s.*, refreshments not included. While looking about him, he was accosted by an extraordinarily lean *débardeur*, with whom he entered into frivolous conversation. When preparing at length to leave the transparent syren, he slipped a card into her corsage. "Sir," exclaimed the fair shadow, "what do you mean by such a liberty?" "I beg your pardon," returned the incorrigible; "but I have such a habit of leaving my card when I find nobody in."

IN THE STUDIO:—
"I have a commission," said the sculptor X., "for a group representing Hippocrates refusing the gifts of Artaxerxes. I don't exactly know what material to use."
"*Mais, mon cher*," said De P., "*cela va sans dire. Le métal—repoussé.*"

"To my brother John, in London," was incontestably an ambiguous address, and one which puzzled even our Post-office authorities. The following passed triumphantly through the Parisian ordeal last week:—
"Monsieur,
"Monsieur Garnier-Pagès,
"*en son faux-col*,
"PARIS."

M. et Mme D., tous deux jeunes, bien portants, et mariés depuis quatre ou cinq ans, n'ont pas encore de famille.
Un ami de la maison disait hier au mari:
"Comment peut-il se faire que vous n'ayez pas encore d'enfants?"
"Que voulez-vous, répondit Mme D—, nous sommes si petitement logés!"

It is said that M. Haussmann expected on his retirement to be consoled with the title of Duke. "Have I not," he asked a friend, "done as much as Cousin Montauban, whom they have made Duke of Palikao?" "You have," replied his confidant, "and deserve to be made Duke of Paris-Chaos."

Definitions by the Hospodar of Duffraria:—
POETRY.—Whipped prose.
INCONSTANCY.—The fault of the other.
VIRTUE.—A parachute. Why? Because, though it does not prevent a fall, it slackens the pace of the descent.
HER MOUTH.—A sugar basin.
SATIETY.—The dropsy of love.
WIDOW.—Apartment for a single gentleman. For terms——.

From the Notebook of the Hospodar of Duffraria:—
A pretty slip of a girl is a lovely woman in the bud.

The American papers record a novel reformatory enterprise, which is in progress in the Idaho Territorial Prison. The prisoners have formed a Bible class, and spend a part of each day in reading and commenting on the Scriptures and in the performance of religious services. We are seriously told that two prisoners who were pardoned last month "left the Institution with great reluctance, as they regard its moral atmosphere of a far higher tone than that of the rest of the territory." One of the inmates, who attempted to rob an express waggon train, is "studying for the ministry."

The races between the Sappho and Cambria resulted in easy victories for the American yacht, as might have been expected, considering the advantages she had in tonnage, &c., over her rival.

The first really important cricket match was commenced at Lord's, last Monday, when Surrey played the M.C.C. and Ground, and were defeated very easily; indeed, with the exception of Mortlock, none of the Surrey men appeared to be in form. Vince and Long were tried as county bowlers, and acquitted themselves fairly well in that department; but with regard to their batting the same remark cannot be made; however, they may improve, but Surrey's prospects this year are not encouraging, unless the Colt's Match can bring forth another "Humphrey and Jupp." The northern players, Haywood and Carpenter, have again appeared in London, but they are neither of them the men they were some few years ago: their style being very cramped and quite devoid of that free elasticity which characterised it some years back.

A countryman, who had never paid more than 25*c.* to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see "The Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him 75*c.* for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked, "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

The most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside an asylum was that of an old lady who lives across the street from the Navy Yard, in Brooklyn. On Washington's birthday they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

Entre deux ténors:
"Jusqu'où montez-vous?"
"Jusqu'au sol—"
"Moi aussi, mais au gratin—"

A writer in the *Figaro* says:—"Your correspondent, Adrien Marx, in an article on the artist Bouvin, relates that Baron James de Rothschild once sat for a beggar to Ary Scheffer. This is perfectly true, and I write to you to complete the tale. While the great financier, attired in the rags of a beggar, was in his place on the estrade, I happened to enter the studio of the great artist, whose friend I had the honour to be. The baron was so perfectly disguised that I did not recognise him; and believing that a veritable beggar was before me, I went up to him and slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin and put it into his pocket. Ten years later I received at my residence an order on the office in the Rue Laffitte for 10,000 francs enclosed in the following letter:—'Sir,—You one day gave a louis to Baron Rothschild in the studio of Ary Scheffer. He has employed it, and to-day sends you the little capital with which you entrusted him, together with its interest. A good action always brings good fortune.—BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.' On receipt of this order I sought the billionaire, who proved to me, from the books before him, that under his management my louis had actually fructified so as to have swelled to the large sum sent me."

POLICE!—We congratulate the Chief Commissioner of Police on his coolness under trying circumstances! We have come upon this:—"The Chief Commissioner of Police has issued a cautionary notice to householders in view of the increasing number of burglaries and attempts at them in London and the suburbs." Really, Captain Henderson's coolness is worthy of an old—a very old soldier! He anticipates our complaints of the increased number of burglaries, by quietly telling us to look after that which his force is specially paid to guard. The public has a right to call his attention to the growing immunity of burglars, and the enlarged incompetence of the police, but the Chief Commissioner has no right to ask us to do his work. We beg to recommend Captain Henderson for the Victoria Cross—for "coolness in action."—*Fun.*

In the House.

THURSDAY, *May 12th*.—The various interrogatories which usher in usually the debate, were to-night of very scant interest, and afforded little opportunity for the amusement which members apparently feel, and so demonstratively express, when fortune favours them with some more than ordinarily idiotic inquiry or *nonchalant* response from the ministerial benches. The Irish Land Bill is now drawing to a close; and when the Chairman reported progress, there was a sigh of relief at the havoc effected among the clauses. On Mr. Jacob Bright's motion, that the House go into Committee on the Women's Disabilities Bill, Mr. Bouverie met it with a direct proposal for the rejection of the measure. A very short debate rendered it apparent that the success of the second reading was the merest fluke; and Mr. Gladstone having, in the most uncompromising manner, declared that it would have no support from the Government, a large majority decided that the suffrage was the prerogative of man, and that, for the present at least, the weaker sex must content themselves with their proper sphere, and leave electoral and representative matters alone. Jacob stole his brother's birthright; but it remains to be seen whether he will be allowed to give it to his sister.

FRIDAY, *May 13th*.—Earl Cadogan drew their Lordships' attention to a most barefaced attempt on the part of a jeweller to make advertising capital out of the exhibition of certain of his wares in the South Kensington Museum; but Lord de Grey and Ripon, in reply, reassured the House as to the possibility of a National Art Collection being converted into a sort of Soho Bazaar, and explained that the matter had not escaped the notice of the Museum authorities, who, we are glad to hear, are on the alert against all such dodges.

In the Commons, in reply to Mr. Alderman Lawrence, Mr. Ayrton gave a not more than usually unsatisfactory answer as to the opening of the Roehampton gate of Richmond Park to the public, from which it would appear that the proprietor of the private road is still a dog in the manger, and that the Government are powerless to deal with such obstructives as these, who sacrifice the public welfare and convenience to their own selfish interests. Dr. Brewer initiated a debate on a motion to place our system of poor relief in the hands of the police; but, eventually, withdrew his resolution, which we should ourselves have preferred to see carried to a division, as the present administration of poor relief, on the Bumble plan, is manifestly inefficient and unsatisfactory. *Apropos* of the dismissal of Mr. Barry from his post as architect of the Westminster Palace, ensued the Battle of the First Commissioners, in which Mr. Cowper-Temple, Mr. Ayrton, and Lord John Manners, had the contest, comparatively, to themselves; the only non-interested combatant of note being Mr. Bernal Osborne, who protested against the public being weighed down by this family of architects any longer, or Parliament being at the dictation of the Institute of British Architects, who arrogated authority to themselves wholly unwarranted by their comparatively recent corporative existence. To his brilliant sarcasm and cutting ridicule we attribute, as much as anything, the defeat of Mr. Cowper-Temple's motion, which seems to have had its origin in private pique against the powers that be, and Mr. Ayrton in particular. We regret the triumph of the latter for many reasons; but on the merits of the question, the decision of the House was just.

MONDAY, *May 16th*.—The Lords were busy for the main part with matters ecclesiastical, in which we are fain not to intermeddle. In the Commons, it was an instance of *Toujours perdrix*, in the resumption of the Irish Land Bill; and, after a short debate, the Army Enlistment Bill was read a second time.

TUESDAY, *May 17th*.—The Lords devoted their time to the Bishop of Winchester's "Sequestration Bill," which was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee. In the Commons, Mr. Fawcett gave notice of a temperately-worded motion to the effect that the postponement of the Indian Budget to the close of the Session may cause the people of India to feel that the Imperial Parliament is not greatly solicitous for their welfare (so we should think). Ireland is the Aaron's Rod which swallows up India and all the rest. From information received, as the police say, it would appear that there are really some improvements going to be made in the opening up into Park Lane of Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and in the discontinuance of the practice by road contractors of using the bases of our public statues as places where rubbish may be shot. Lord Elcho suggested to Mr. Ayrton that the statues might be carted away with the rubbish without material loss. Incidentally we are glad to learn that the outrage on Mr. D'Arcy Irvine in Ireland was not agrarian, but an hallucination of that mercurial gentleman's imagination. The Channel Passage, Emigration, the Council of State (East India), and the Condition of Children Employed in Agriculture, each claimed their modicum of attention, and the House was counted out at ten minutes to nine o'clock—we presume to enable members to go to the State Ball. As all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, the *Man About Town* sees no objection to this slight relaxation.

WEDNESDAY, *May 18th*.—The morning sitting was, as usual, barren of incident and void of interest, except for the fact that in the opposition Married Women's Property Bills, Nos. 1 and 2, Mr. Raikes got a terrible snubbing, and Mr. R. Gurney carried off the honours of the day.

The Man Abroad.

PARIS, *May 19th*.

IT was with no little alarm that I received a communication from that terrible personage, my Editor, calling me to account, in no measured terms, for my audacity in demanding increased pay, and for basing the request on what he is pleased to term the "flimsy ground of increased expenses, arising from the number of suicides." He has also seen fit to add a rider to his letter, stating that what I have will be taken from me if I cannot contrive to infuse more spirit into my weekly budget of sayings and doings in this city, instead of entering into the forbidden land of politics. Now, I appeal to an enlightened and tolerant public, and ask them what I am to do? How can I describe the high jinks at the Tuileries, or the *reception intime* over the water, to which a poor newspaper correspondent cannot hope to gain access—always excepting, of course, our head and chief, who is so far gifted with omnipotence that he is moon, if not cloud-compelling, as the memorable *fête* at St. Cloud proved, and to secure whose attendance at a funeral ceremony the relatives of a deceased duke deferred it for three weeks; and, even supposing for one instant that, by some improbable combination of accidental circumstances, I penetrated into the salons of the great world, I have yet to learn that the readers of the *Man About Town* would be interested by a description of the toilette of Madame la Comtesse de A——, or a full, true, and particular account of how many slices of *galantine aux truffes* and glasses of Pichon-Longueville were consumed by some excellency. Then, again, let me state, in exculpation of my dulness, that Paris, like "the service," is not what it used to be. Those brilliant stories and *repartées*, for which Parisians were celebrated, seem to have disappeared, and left no posterity. The Parisians are—*de Pontoise*, and the stories are old ones, dressed up with new names, to suit the time and the place. Take, for instance, the stories now going the rounds of the papers, relative to the deceased M. Villemain. There is one relating to a collection for some charity work at the Academy. The purse was handed round to M. Villemain's neighbour, who put in a small coin. Another of the collectors came round, by mistake, a second time to this old gentleman, who was noted for his parsimony. In a great state of mind he said, hurriedly, "I have given already—I have given already." The collector politely bowed, saying, "Though I did not see it, I quite believe you;" upon which M. Villemain muttered, "I saw it, but I don't believe it." Now, this is neither more nor less than an anecdote related eighty years ago of another academician. The following, too, is borrowed, the real hero of it being the *Abbé* Maury! —Three weeks since, a visitor called on Villemain, then very ill, who was generally supposed to be one of the likely candidates for his *fauteuil* in the Academy. He began attempting to draw him out as to the events of his early days; but it would not do, for M. Villemain said to him, "I see you want to measure me for my coffin;" meaning, of course, that he was trying to amass materials for his initiative speech at the Academy, when it is the custom for the newly-elected member to pronounce an eulogy on his predecessor. The *mot* placed to the credit of a *petit elegant* the other day, at a dinner given by a lady who likes to assemble what she calls clever people at her dinner-table, who found his hostess very far from amusing, to the effect that "we eat her, but do not digest her," dates from the 18th century. Then, too, is there not the story as to Prince Talleyrand, when visited by Louis Philippe during his last illness, and the king asking him if he suffered much pain, his saying, "Sire, I suffer the tortures of the damned;" on which the Orleans monarch replied, musingly, "Already?" Well, that one, carefully disguised, was told me the other day as having been said by *celui-ci* at the death-bed of one of his *illustrations*. Perhaps this will be considered to be adding insult to injury, relating these old stories as a palliation for not giving news of more interest. But what do you wish? I cannot, and will not, invent stories to cover myself with contempt withal. Paris has settled down to business (such as it ever transacts) again; and the rioters and the last article on the Plébiscite disappeared simultaneously on Friday morning. The three new ministers, in room of M.M. Dara, Buffet, and Talhouët, are, Nège, Plichon, and the Duc de Gramont. The former pair are absolutely unknown to any one; the latter has been for years the ambassador at Vienna. By birth a Legitimist, and in early life a companion of Henri V., he is about the only man of very high position who has joined the Imperialist camp; and has, it is scarcely needless to add, got into terrible bad repute with his co-religionists for doing so. In appearance and manner he is the most perfect (I was going to say nearly the only) type of the grand seigneur that I ever saw in France. I never read his name without my mind being flooded with memories of the unhappy Princess of Monaco, a daughter of his house, and of her brother, the ill-fated young Comte de Guiche, whose fates were so strangely interwoven, and whose ends were both so untimely. Never did Alexandre Dumas write a book which possesses one hundredth part of the charm possessed by the *Trois Mousquetaires* and its sequels, unless it be in the *Memoirs of the Princess of Monaco*, which embraces about the same period as the closing chapters of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*—one of the few old families of France which have retained their position in society without alliances in an inferior sphere. The Duchess de Gramont is a daughter of the Scotch house of Mackinnon, and her father died the other day at a very advanced age. They will be much missed at Vienna, where they were as much liked as is the Vienna representative here—Prince Metternich—whose wife, by the way, expects her *accouchement* in a few weeks, and has, consequently, been unable to take any more active part in society than popularising a new colour—the "*Jaune Metternich*"—which will replace, no doubt, the green of that ilk and the Bismarck in good and bad humour. The *Marseillaise* has been suspended from publication for two months, a fact which all who object to *blague*, when a stranger to tobacco, must be delighted with. Victor Hugo has responded, per telegram, to a communication informing him of the result of the Plébiscite (how I hate and detest the word), "*Humanité pourrie*"! This, with the sudden death of General Goyon, to whose doings one cannot take so much exception as to many others of the military adventurers which the Second Empire has thrown into such strong relief, about comprises all that can be said of the past week. Will it interest any one to learn that Count Stackelberg was buried with great ceremony on Saturday, and that to-morrow Prince Anatole Demidoff will be *a second time* interred, his nephew and heir, Prince Paul, having just

arrived in Paris from Russia? I fear not. Racing in the Bois de Boulogne came to an end on Sunday; and never was the Spring Meeting on the Longchamps plains more flat, stale, and unprofitable. To-day there is steeplechasing at La Marche (the thermometer is at 80°, and the ground is as hard as a flint); but there will be very few people present, nearly every one reserving themselves for Chantilly, where, on Sunday next, the French Oaks—a certainty for Sornette every one will tell you,—and on the following Sunday the French Derby, are set for decision. Peace be with them! but, in such weather as we have now, any exertion further than what is required in reaching Tortoni's, seems sheer lunacy.

The Grumbler.

SO, at last, a decent entrance is to be made from Piccadilly to Park-lane. Is it? Yes, next February, before the Ides of March, Hamilton-place is to be thrown open and Her Grace of Thunderbolt's carriage will be enabled to roll direct from her turretted palace in Grosvenor-place, to her noble son-in-law's residence, Suckthumbkin House, Stanhope-gate. Well, this is something to rejoice at, and, doubtless, Her Grace is in ecstasies and, being a liberal, says, any how, Ayrton knows what he is about. Still, I agree with Her Grace's lovely, fascinating, and correct daughter, the Countess of Suckthumbkin, who told me the other day, when lunching at Stanhope-gate, that she thought if Ayrton was half a man (what the charming countess's idea of a whole one is I am unable to state),—if Ayrton was half a man he would at once widen the lane from its embouchure into Piccadilly to Holderness House. How about Gloucester House, the abode of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge? I ventured to remark, "Leave it alone," replied the Countess, who never from her birth having had to do with butchers' bills, washing accounts, or vulgar fractions, is really marvellously great at figures. "On the west side of the lane," she continued, with one of her sweetest smiles, slightly spoilt, perhaps, by the momentary contemplation of an early strawberry from their seat, Rockingcradle Castle, Inanitionshire, held 'twixt the thumb and forefinger of a hand that Praxiteles might have sighed to reproduce, or Apelles to have painted—"On the western side, Mr. Growler, three houses alone would require to be removed and fifteen only on the east, and then, as Suckthumbkin remarked to mamma the other day, there would be room enough, without touching the Duke's house, to have Park-lane sixty feet wide all the way from the Marble Arch to Piccadilly. A most beautiful crescent might then be made from Piccadilly, rounding off from Holderness House to Hamilton-place. My sister Papspoon (Mr. Greeny Papspoon, only son of old Spooney Papspoon of Chintzchester, married, as every one knows, Lady Laura, not for her beauty—for she is really as ugly as sin, and not half so amusing—but for her birth and position). Yes; my sister Papspoon told me that Papspoon promised her, if Ayrton carried out what he ought to do, viz., the Crescent—Apsley-crescent, as it ought to be called—he would take a ninety-nine years' lease of the Stanhope-gate point, and build a good handsome thingamy with great tall what-do-you-call-'ems, like the Charing Cross Hotel, or Buckingham Palace; something, in fact, that should eclipse Holford House and be an ornament to the park." So struck was I with the reasoning and good sense of the Countess's observations—and wishing to be asked to dine at Suckthumbkin House, which I never have been as yet—that I was emboldened to remark, that to obtain possession of and pull down three houses on the west side and fifteen on the east side, eighteen houses in all, would, probably cost a prodigious sum of money. "Oh, not at all," said the Countess, gracefully dipping the strawberry-dyed tips of her lovely bejewelled fingers in a crystal tumbler, and then wiping them with her own coronetted cobweb cambric, "Oh, not at all; Suckthumbkin says Ayrton could have the whole lot at 10,000*l.* a house. Eighteen times ten, how much is that, Mr. Growler?" "Only 180,000*l.*," I replied, after a moment's mental calculation. "Exactly" (with one of her sweetest smiles); "Exactly 180,000*l.* Well, then, sell all the old houses and rubbish for nothing. He would surely get 200,000*l.* for the land remaining to build the new crescent upon, and you would then have—that is, Mr. Ayrton would have—20,000*l.* over to spend upon iron gates, gilt-headed railings, and a fairy flower garden, which would all make it look so pretty and Paris-like." Now, although I have never been asked to dine at Suckthumbkin House, still, I do say the lovely Countess of that ilk is right; or, in other words, if she did not speak like a book she expressed what I think Ayrton ought to do, and, what is more, what I trust will yet be done. Seem to lunch with very great folks, do I? Well, of course I lunch with great folks when they ask me; or dine with small ones, ditto, if they give good dinners. And, talking of that, puts me in mind of what I heard at a very respectable table the other day. What was that? Why, what I most thoroughly coincide with: that it is really disgraceful to us as a nation, that no one has got up in the House and boldly expressed the popular wish that the Prince of Wales should have a hundred or a couple of hundred thousand a-year additional voted him for the maintenance of the dignity and hospitality of the State. Are we only to have a couple of miserable balls and a concert or so during the season at Buckingham? and is the whole of the London trade—and the provincial trade, too—to languish and suffer because there is no one to lead the fashion and properly entertain? The fact is, His Royal Highness is expected to do all the work without the means. It is simply absurd. Now, while the Prince and Princess are young, now is the moment when the nation should call upon them to lead off the dance, and set the example of hospitality that begets kindly feelings, and sets in motion, moreover, the springs of trade and commerce. But 'tis not to be expected the Prince is to do this at the cost of debt and difficulties. No; he has ever shown his earnest readiness and desire to promote the happiness and amusement of the people; and if the nation want him to entertain, they should at once come forward with the means to enable him to do so. And when was there ever a more propitious moment than now, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced a surplus? and a couple of hundred thousand a-year, more or less, would be no great thing to offer to the Prince, and enable him properly to do that which every one is crying out he should do. After all, England can surely afford to allow her princes (more especially the heir to the throne) an allowance such as would enable them to maintain their state; remembering, after all, 'tis for the encouragement of trade, and to enable him properly to gratify the wishes of his mother's subjects.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXX.—MEMORY.

First—

Let me forget that gem, or I
Must have another cast;
"Oh, why" (see Bunn) "will memory
Recal the bitter past"!

With whitening and with emery
I rub it in my dreams;
Why haunt me, ruthless memory,
With its delusive gleams.

THE PARTY WHO TRIED TO FRISK THE KOH-I-NOOR.

Second—

A lapidary sprinkles oft
On wheels some powdered emery,
Which has been wetted and made soft,
And then he cuts his gem, or he
Can use it in many other ways—
I don't know how—my memory
Is failing quickly now-a-days,
I call my brother Jem "Harry:"
But as a means of cleaning steel,
My man daren't this condemn, or he
My great displeasure soon would feel,
So fain sticks by his emery. DIER.

Third—

(1)

When young, the thought my bosom wrings,
If brought back to my memory,
I used, 'mongst other cruel things,
On cork to pin ephemeræ.

(2)

Though both my words, dear Sir, you've slighted,
Still on a good one you've alighted,
'Twill take not little mental emery,
Rubbed in, to grind a rhyme to memory.

(3)

Just tell me, it's slipped from my memory,
And I haven't a history of Noah to hand,
Which was it, Ham, Japhet, Shem, or he,
Who near Ararat first cried out land?

(4)

Many, no doubt, their brains will grind,
This week, with mental emery,
And yet with all their pains not find
A decent rhyme to memory.

(5)

I see you won't take my advice,
Or else have a short memory;*
I hoped this week you 'd rhymes entice
With "dulcimer" or "psaltery."

TRIPLE HARP.

On a shelf in Susan's cupboard,
There's blacking, sand, and emery.
Tell you the fact there's such a horde,
I can't keep all in memory. TIZZY.

My needle's gone rusty,
Astray is my emery,
I'm old and crusty,
Gone is my memory. RUS IN URBE.

There lived in the quiet village of Pembrey,
A wicked old "snip" of the name of Bremmer: he,
To jog his apprentice's treacherous memory,
Would thrust rusty needles and long yellow pins
Right into their legs, their arms and their shins;
And when the poor fellows got into a tremour, he
Declared that the procsss quite polished like emery.

RESCIUS.

If ever you dream of the past,
Of days that will never return,
And think of the lovely outcast,
Who's love, in your pride, you did spurn:
Ah, then remember me!

If ever you pause in the whirl
Of folly's and fashion's mad life,
O think of the innocent girl,
That once I did ask for my wife;
And bless her memory.

I often remember your face,
The words that you spoke on that day,
And treasure the small bit of lace,
You gave me on going away:
How well I remember thee!

How soon you forgot to be true
To vows that you made to me when
We met for our parting adieu,
Beneath the old oaks in the glen:
How fleeting his memory.

RAVENSCLIFFE.

When away to past days I am carried along
By a fond and too accurate memory,
My heart bleeds at the vision of joys that are gone,
With a sort of perpetual hemorrha-

Ge. But, soon o'er my dolorous dream there arises
Thy light, like a flashing diadem. O ray
Of hope, that, just at this critical crisis,
Fringes with gold the black cloud of memory.

My dear *Man About Town*, I would send you more rhymes,
But I 'm now in a tearing, dem hurry
To catch my last train, and to write for the *Times*,—
Which latter puts me in a tremor,—I

Am yours truly, T. A. M.

T'is in my memory
Of years ago,
That one Miss Emma Rye,
Hired to sew,
(During my school-boy days)
Made me a shirt,
Which didn't give her praise,
Made me feel hurt.

"Why did you hem awry?"
Shouted I riled.
"I lost my emery,
"That I did, child.
"So that my needle got
"Dreadfully blunt;
"Like it or like it not,
"You needn't grunt."

Quite in a tremor, I
Hinted my mind:
Felt to condemn her eye,
Sorely inclined.
But soon we made it up;
She worked another;
We drank a loving cup,
As sister and brother. NEEDLE.

Of hanging murderers the habit 's gone out.
For Mr. Bruce—(I speak now from memory)—
Surely likes the judge to condemn, or he
Couldn't throw respites so freely about.

DON ROBERTO.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXI.—IDIOT.

* See "Triple Harp's" contribution last week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TADEMUS.—If you must get rid of your money, and *will* bet, apply to Mr. J. Smith, of Boulogne and Glasgow; he will ease you courteously and honourably. If you deal with burglars such as you describe, you must take the consequences you richly deserve.

LA ROSE.—"S' il n'est pas la Rose"—we dare say you know the rest. Oh, that it might be said of us.

J. P. (Tring.)—Try No. 6 and a coarser grain.

LOTHAIR.—U had better add IO. A letter addressed to the lady's husband, and left at the stage door, will, we should hope, procure you what you—deserve.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—L'Africaine. Eight.

DRURY LANE.—Faust. Half-past Eight.

ADELPHI.—Too Much of a Good Thing—The Prompter's Box—The Enchanted Wood. Seven.

LYCEUM.—His own Rival—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.

OLYMPIC.—My Turn Next—At Eight: Frou-Frou—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.

STRAND.—Loving Hearts—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Man of Quality—At Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'.—Quite by Accident—At Eight: M.P.—Dearest Mamma. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Frou-Frou—La Belle Sauvage. Seven.

HOLBORN.—Happiest Day of my Life—Behind the Curtain—Chamber of Horrors. Half past Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

GLOBE.—Man o' Airlie—Robert Macaire Half-past Seven.

CHARING CROSS.—Captain Smith—Illusions—Ixion. Half-past Seven.

ASTLEY'S.—Il Trovatore. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

AT THE ACADEMY.

CONTINUING our ramble through the admirably-arranged and well-lighted galleries of Burlington House, we find that the next picture for notice is No. 288, by Mr. T. Graham, "The Wayfarers." This is a touching conception; and the abstracted air of the broken-down musician, as he touches the strings of his violin, while his thoughts are evidently wandering back to the better days he and his companion have evidently seen, is wonderfully natural. There is too much of the brush visible in the execution of this work; but the sentiment of interest we feel in the subject speaks sufficiently in its favour to justify the commendation we are bound to bestow. "Adrift," No. 293, by Mr. Taggart, R.S.A., is exactly wanting in the quality we praise in "The Wayfarers." While the latter, in spite of its simplicity, is so full of interest, "Adrift" makes an elaborate appeal to our sentiment, without succeeding in awakening one spark. The painting is cold and lifeless, notwithstanding its complicated incidents and ambitious design. (316), "Sheik Hamil," by A. B. Houghton, illustrates one of Isa Craig's ballads fairly enough. There is much laborious work in it, and it is altogether a very creditable painting. Famous as R. Redgrave, R.A., is for unnatural landscapes, we think his (322) "Highland Park, Leatherhead" worse than any we have seen for a long time past. A painfully apple-green sward, in close juxta position with an equally vivid blue wood, with a feeble attempt at daylight effect, we profoundly commiserate Mr. Redgrave on his inability to give us anything better than this as a specimen of what our academicians can do. Compare this with No. 104, "Fortunes," by G. D. Leslie, A., which, we regret to say, we omitted to notice in its proper place, and our readers will see what we mean. Mr. Leslie's work positively dazzles one with its brilliant sunlight effect, and without the violent contrasts of colour which appear to have been Mr. Redgrave's only resource. Mr. Leslie's picture is one of the bright particular stars of the Exhibition. His specimens of sweet girlhood wiling away the sunny hours by the banks of the stream, and telling their fortunes in love by floating blossoms down the tide, are enough to warm the heart of an anchorite. We like this picture "muchly," as old friend Artemus would say, and return to it more than once to refresh our wearied eye.

No. 330, "Lady Wentworth," F. B. Barwell, and 338, "John Ramsay L'Amy, Esq.," C. Lutyens, may run in a curricle. The portraits are equally bad, and are, indeed, very ordinary specimens of art. It is not every one who spoils canvas that can paint portraits. No. 331, "Christ carried to the Sepulchre," by A. Ciseri, is a specimen of high art, well grouped, effective, and the light from above, shining on the heads of the figures, very striking. This picture is badly hung; it wants tilting forward more, to have its full effect.

We now come to what we can hardly but consider the *chef d'œuvre* of the season (No. 334), "The Boyhood of Raleigh," by J. E. Millais, R.A. A swarthy Spanish mariner recounts to the boy Raleigh and his companion tales of adventure; and, while he speaks of the Spanish main, his excitement manifests itself, and he points away across the sea, as if prophetic of the future awaiting his youthful hearer. Meanwhile, Raleigh, in the admirably-conceived attitude of a child, with hands clapped round his knees, drinking in with his ears these travellers' tales, seems, with an absorbed look in his blue eyes, to be looking through the present, out to the time when he too will be a hero; when dangers of flood and field will be for him no longer matters of history, but an actual experience. We see in the child's face an earnest determination that he too, in dying, will leave behind him—

"Footprints in the sands of time."

On the other hand, his companion, by way of foil to the expressive countenance of Raleigh, seems to be of mere ordinary clay, and to regard the tales of the excited adventurer but as so much word-painting—

"A yellow primrose on the brim
A yellow primrose was to him"—

nothing more. His absence of imagination throws out into striking relief the intellectual cast of face of Raleigh—a face to dream of—a poem in itself. We deeply thank Mr. Millais for this commanding effort of his unquestionable genius. The colouring is, to our mind, perfection. The gorgeous Oriental plumage lying on the bench behind the sailor, and the red rusty anchor, throw up into relief the dark figure of the Spaniard and the pale thoughtful boy-hero facing him. We can say no more. We can think of this picture and recall its excellences long after the things of the day shall have faded from our remembrance. After this, we fear our praise will lose its pungency; and we can scarce do justice to (343) "The Minstrel's Song," by H. B. Roberts, which is very good; conscientiously painted, alike in grouping and colour. And so we pass on to Gallery No. VI., where we are glad to welcome a landscape by J. Surtees, No. 362, "In the Valley of the Llygwy," which takes our fancy greatly. The reflection of the mountains in the lake is excellent; and, indeed, we are at a loss to point to any landscape in the Academy so thoroughly deserving of unqualified commendation. We long to call this our own. Mr. Surtees has an eye for nature and for composition to be envied; and we recognise the fact that he has painted this, not for the evanescent praise of critics, but for sheer love of his mistress—Art, and the pleasure he feels in transferring to imperishable canvas nature's beauties. (415), "A Mountain Torrent near Coniston," by R. Harwood, hangs opposite, and is another well painted bit of scenery. It takes with one more on investigation than on a mere cursory inspection, and is exceedingly meritorious. (367), the largest picture in the Exhibition, by R. Tancredi, is high art in its true sense. The figure of Buoso du Duira is admirable, and the variety of attitude and expression in the enraged populace well imagined and delineated. This picture is an epic in itself. (384), "Canoe-travelling in the Backwoods of Canada," by Mrs. E. Hopkins, is good, but hung too high. Had the Hanging Committee condemned 135, by S. A. Hart, R.A., and hung Mrs. Hopkins' picture its place, we would have been better pleased, and better able to criticise its merit. (406), "The Chase," by R. Ansdell, A., is bad, untrue to nature, and out of drawing. Ambitious without merit, Mr. Ansdell occupies space which we fancy might have been better accorded to some of those which have been left out in the cold. No. 409, "Saint Francis Preaching to the Birds," by H. S. Marks, is full of suppressed humour. The irreverent kingfisher flying off with its prey in the midst of the preacher's discourse; the attentive stork, the heavy argumentativeness in the eye of the pelican, the pert inquisitiveness of the smaller of the feathered audience, tickle one consumedly, and remind one of the efforts in this way of the inimitable Gavarné. Each bird has its distinctive characteristic. Verily, a good work, creditable to Mr. Marks and to the art of which he is a worthy exponent. (432), "An Earthquake in Calabria," by W. Linnell, is simply atrocious—*verb. sap. sat.* In Gallery No. VII., we notice No. 435, "The Dish of Tea," by Valentine Prinsep, remarkable as another example of the love this artist displays for the blending of reds in the costume of the figure; while, violent as is the contrast between them and the bright greenish-blue of the panelling, there is nothing that offends the eye in the harmony of the colours taken as a whole. The figure of the damsel is easy and graceful. (440), "The Plough," by F. Walker, is a bold, and withal successful attempt, at brilliant sunset effect. The colouring is rich and warm, and the careful finish of the figures in the foreground will bear a close inspection. 476, "A Portrait of Mrs. Laird," by W. M. Tweedie, a companion picture to No. 269, is a good solid conscientious bit of painting. 481, "Alone," by J. Sant, R.A. elect, is the happiest effort, to our thinking, of all the contributions this year by the same artist. A young mother guiding her infant's earliest steps, a world of affection shining out of her eyes. There is a sweet, natural, happy pose about the group that is very charming. (482), "Elaine," by Mrs. S. Anderson, is an evident copy of Doré's picture of how—

"The dead, steered by the dumb, went up with the flood"

in its main features; and we take it that where Mrs. Anderson has departed from the strict text, the alterations she has made are no improvements on Doré's conception. But, apart from conception, the painting is good, and finished with an eye to the criticism the authoress was conscious it could scarcely escape. (491) "Charity," by B. Rivière, is a painful picture—a starving beggar girl sharing her last crust at a church porch with too equally starving street curs, while a placard on the door post, announcing a "charity sermon" is a cynical commentary on the more practical exposition of the virtue being enacted on the snow-covered door-step below. The painting is meagre; but the idea is good, and redeems the work from obscurity, touching, as it possibly does, a cynical chord in our own bosoms which we are fain to acknowledge. (500) "A Moorland Flock," by F. Walton, is a quiet bit of moorland scenery—the flock reposing under some wild-looking firs in the foreground. The cold autumn light is well managed, and the drawing good. (504) "Jochebed," by F. Goodall, R.A., is an eminently well-conceived and well-executed painting. The expression of the mother's face is touching, in her fear for the risk to which she is exposing her infant's life; while, predominant over all her fears, we read the resolution that dictates the step as a necessary one, and her confidence in the overruling Providence of the God of her fathers. The flesh tint is warm and life-like, and the attitude boldly drawn and impressive. This is one of the best pictures of the year. (508) "Valdoniello," by E. Lear, is a curious piece of scenery among the snow-clad Sierras; but the colouring is forced, and wearies the eye. We cannot believe it true to nature, and we have experience of mountain scenery ourselves, which, with all humility, we believe not inferior to Mr. Lear's. Reserving the Water Colours, Crayons, Miniatures, and Sculpture for later notices, we pass on to Gallery No. X., and are struck by No. 891, "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn observed by Queen Katharine," by M. Stone. An excellent production, showing careful study and deep research—the painting carefully executed in its minutest details, and repaying far more than mere cursory inspection. (905) "The First Dip," by

G. E. Hicks, is bright and pleasing; and (909) "Touchstone and Audrey," a well-worn subject, has received novel and satisfactory treatment at the hands of Mr. J. Pettie, A., who never leaves anything to be desired as far as mechanical work is concerned; and what he sets his hand to do at the easel, invariably does well. (953) "Toilers of the Sea," by Orchardson, A., is very good; but the gem of this gallery is (964) "Undine," by Miss L. Starr, who is as admirable in the regions of fancy as in portrait painting. Her colouring, as we before observed, is all quality; and in the picture before us we see revealed a depth of imagination that would do credit to an older student of art. This is sweetly painted, and would make a name for Miss Starr, if that had not already been won. In the Lecture Room, the "Portrait of the Marchioness of Huntley," by J. E. Millais, R.A., is incomparable and exquisite. The simplicity of the drapery, the novelty of the background of conservatory and the flowers, are all in Mr. Millais' best style; while his flesh tint is, as may be expected, delicate and beautifully handled in the extreme. We would not bate one jot of the 2,000 guineas, said to have been paid for this. Were we the fortunate possessor we could add no further praise. (991), by Vicat Cole, A., is a good evening effect, illustrative of Gray's Elegy. (1,017) and (1,018), by J. B. Burgess and G. F. Watts, R.A., are both well-painted specimens of life study. 1,031, "At Homburg," by Frith, R.A., is unworthy of his genius, as all his pictures are this year. (1,019), "Lassie," by Sir E. Landseer, is simply infamous in colouring and drawing—a clumsy daub, meriting as much the lowest depreciation as Sir Edwin's "Monkeys" are deserving of the highest price. Having omitted in its proper place, No. 985, "Jerusalem," by J. L. Gérôme, we reserve it to the last to say a word in its behalf. The effect of the shadows of the crosses is happily conceived and novel in idea; and we can find no better simile than to liken it to some of Gounod's music that we have heard on a Good Friday,—mournful, solemn, and weird-like in effect. There is something in the feeling produced in our minds in looking at this picture, unique and unattainable by any but highly imaginative artists.

We leave, with this, the oil paintings; and in our next, purpose giving a brief critique of the Water Colours, which are not less worthy of notice, though they hold, confessedly, in our estimation, the place that water does to wine.

London Lyrics.

No. 25.

YES—I know that all is over,
What was hopeful hopeless now;
Mine no more to be thy lover,
Mine no more to kiss thy brow.
Dim the vision that once brightened
O'er my rough and care-strewn life:—
Grim my burdens—are thine lightened
Now thou art a wealthy wife?

Pale thy lip, and sad thy face is
Now the world lies at thy feet:
Lady, all that there I trace is
Sign that life is not too sweet:—
Sign that sorrow often darkens
Where there should be no such cloud—
Sign that thy heart often hearkens
Groans amid the laughing crowd.

Art luxurious nobly dresses
Thy fair form in tissues rare;
Diamonds sparkle 'mid the tresses
Of thy warm and splendid hair;—
All life's joys are spread before thee,
All that boundless wealth can buy;
As an idol all adore thee,
Wherefore, then, that frequent sigh?

Ah! does memory sometimes dare thee
To re-tread the paths of old?
Midnight dreams in silence bear thee
To that home undecked with gold?
Home, that held such happy hours,
Though excitement came not there—
Home, where bloomed the radiant flowers
That were once thy heaviest care?

Dost thou hear the sound of singing,
Ballads that thy childhood knew;
Pleasant voices gladly ringing
Over morning's early dew,
Far across the happy meadows
Where thy riper footsteps strayed,
And when evening's gentle shadows
Calmly through the valley played?

Let them pass! why should they vex thee
In this brighter world of thine?
All the memories that perplex thee
Exile from thy sphere to mine.
Give me every grain of sorrow,
Every heartache, every ill:
Pass to-day, and come to-morrow,
All my love is living still.

The Man in the Stalls.

AS I do not wish to make a friend ungrateful, I never do him a favour. I know nothing, therefore, of that degree of suffering which Amiens tells us is twice as keen as the blows of the wintry wind. To judge from the searching effects of the hyberporean, or any other blasts, which, for the last four months, have been penetrating my marrow, man's ingratitude must have an awfully keen tooth. I am heartily glad they (the winds) are gone back to their Stygian caves forlorn, and that Thomson's ethereal mildness has really come at last. Why did it not come earlier? Where were the April showers of which we learnt couplets in our infancy? Ask Oberon and Titania, and you will find that it was all along of their miserable disputes. From their debate and their dissensions, in Will Shakespeare's time—

"——— The Spring, the Summer,
The chilling Autumn, angry Winter, changed
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, knew not which was which."

Apropos of Shakespearean quotations, that *buon camarado*, the Grumbler, cites a passage to show that the immortal swan hated chignons. If the Grumbler looks into the *Merchant of Venice*, he will find that Billy sometimes repeated himself. Bassanio, moralising upon "ornament," the guiled shore to a dangerous sea, observes that—

"——— The snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, are often known
To be the dowry of a second head,—
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."

This *da capo* of the same idea illustrates the intensification of William's horror of the frowsy, greasy, carrotty deformity, which women pile upon their cocoa-nuts, in contempt of all the examples of the great architect, Nature, who decreed that the capital of a column should be narrower than its base. A tiny pair of red heels as a pedestal, and a mass of filthy oakum, surmounted by a velvet porringer, lace fal-lals, and a crape and wire flower or two at the summit, is a tremendous violation of the laws of beauty, good taste, and common sense. But, thank God, these things are not countenanced at the *head* quarters of decency and *ton*. None of the princesses adopt the abominations; I never see them on the heads of the delicate creatures I meet at the marchioness's; and in all the portraits at the Royal Academy there is not a woman made hideous with a *chig* or a *sheenon*. "What do you think of that, my cats?" as Tom Hood sang.

But spring—yes, that is my theme—the rest is "leather and prunella,"—spring has brought with it enjoyments which, even to me, are beyond the attractions of the stalls. I go to the Crystal Palace. It is one of my bairns—as how? At the instance of Sam Phillips, who described the busts, I absolutely wrote the first Popular Guide, under supreme difficulties, which none but a master-mind could have overcome. Eleven days were allowed for the task. It was an awful case of *embarras*. Not one statue was in its destined place. Many were standing upon pedestals and columns which had not been assigned to them, and in a hundred cases I had to guess the purpose of the effigies. Augustus Cæsar looked wonderfully like Napoleon; between Dr. Johnson and Hercules as a boy there was little to choose; and Grisi as Norma was so like Niobe, "all tears," that I at once, and *sans façon*, pronounced for the identity. When the Palace opened, I went to enjoy the perplexity of the people who had weakly purchased my Guide. It was great fun, especially as I had been well paid for my labour. I don't know whether the unintentional frauds were discovered, for I avoided the Palace for years. Male visitors from the country looked so deuced like detectives. Now I go fearlessly, and enjoy anything that Bowley and Grove provide for my special pleasure: everything except Handel festivals. I suppose it is heresy to predicate as much; but I do not think that any music, excepting chorusses, can be heard to advantage in the vast transept. The delicate shades of song, the *pianissimo* notes of the great organ, the soft expressions of the orchestra, governed by Sir Michael's magical *bâton*, are all lost to my tympanum, at least, unless (which is *infra dig.*) I accept a ticket to the gallery nearest the sky, allotted to *fanatici* who have faith in the ascent of sound. But music is music; and if you cannot, in the vast arena at Sydenham, detect the *nuances* of the performers, there are wild tones floating in the air, which cheat the senses, and form a delicious accompaniment to splashy fountains, fragrant flowers, and pretty women. I can fancy myself at times Ferdinand, in the *Tempest*, listening to Ariel's choir, with this difference,—Ferdinand saw but one Miranda, I see a thousand "precious creatures;" and as for Calibans—faugh!—they swarm. In simple punishment for their interference with my delirium, I would put logs on the shoulders of the red-haired ruffians, fill all their bones with aches, and their pockets with letters from Moses, Solomon, and Co., announcing that their three-months' bills are overdue. There is nothing more disquieting in nature than a short note on blue paper, with a Hebrew signature, referring to a bill. This is parenthetical. *Revenons*. It is sixteen years since I first set foot in the Sydenham Palace, and, excepting that the glorious tropical collection (where I always caught cold) has suffered immensely, and there are patchings in the Alhambra, &c., it is still the most attractive place in the universe. Don't talk to me of St. Cloud and Fontainbleau, the Bois, or Versailles, Kew Gardens, Vienna, Florence, or—or—Rosherville; there are charms peculiar to each,—but Sydenham concentrates them all. Strolling alone, I forget that there are working-days in the world. I give myself up to a charming *abandon*.

By the way, did you ever hear the story of William Farren, senior, and *abandon?* Some sycophant in the Haymarket Green Room asked him what the word meant. He was a very illiterate man, but did not wish to appear ignorant. He had a glimmering of the meaning, but was not a dab at definitions. He went in for examples. "*Abandon!* what! don't you know? It's a sort of forgetting yourself. I have it—Helen's mother (Mrs. Faucit) has it—but Helen is the *most abandoned of the lot!*"

The history of the operatic stage does not produce a parallel to its present condition. Twenty-five years ago two exquisite *prime donne*, one admirable tenor, a superb basso, and an irreproachable baritone, made up the vocal strength of Her Majesty's Theatre. Now, we have eight or ten superb soprani, some excellent tenors, and no end of *bassi* and *contralti*. Titiens, Nilsson, Patti, Sessi, De Murska, Lucca, Monbelli, Trebelli-Bettini,—Heaven, what a galaxy! Hard work for the reporters! The degrees of excellence distinguishing the second rank must be nicely traced, or woe to the unfortunate man who represents this or that paper. There is no question of the first rank—Nilsson, Patti, and Titiens, are each unrivalled in their several lines, and merit the enthusiastic passion with which they are greeted by enthusiastic audiences. The last arrival, Nilsson, created *furore* when she came before the excited multitude last week. I am afraid Sessi's *Lucca* was forgotten, in spite of her profusion of golden hair. The lovely Swede carried all before her. Of course everybody is tolerably sick of *Fra Poco*, and as for the *Maledizione*—well, I don't mind saying that if I am doomed to listen to this, I would as soon hear Mongini as any one else, and I should be very much obliged to him if he would just come only once a-day to Paradise Place, which I honour as the locality of my blissful abode, and maledictionise the organ-grinders who infest the place.

At this moment there are no fewer than eleven ragged urchins doing polkas before my door. Am I to be taxed to provide choregraphic instruction to the offspring of the *oi polloi?* It is not provided for in Bob Lowe's Budget.

Talking of taxes, I see that the old complaint has cropped up of exactions at theatres. B. Webster's worthy example has not been generally followed. You pay sixpence or a shilling for a penny programme, or for a seat, after disbursing for your admission. If you are weak enough to escort a female—there is sixpence for her cloak or bonnet, and sixpence for your own wrapper. Do you wish for an ice? a shilling. Will you take Madame without a bouquet? two shillings. Must she be without a libretto or a copy of Sardou? two shillings. Are you in the stalls? a stool at the Princess's, is *de rigueur*, sixpence more, She is, possibly, short-sighted—you can have a *lorgnette*—one shilling more. All this is intolerable. It has been found to be unnecessary in the cases of Messrs. Webster and Hollingshead; but where theatres are taken as desperate and temporary speculations it seems unavoidable. Managers without capital will not hamper theatres with an army of box and stall-keepers, bonnet custodians *et genus omne*—so they let their saloon to the box book-keeper, and he entertains the rest, making them pay him weekly or nightly sums to cover his rent. Hence the unlimited extortions. Not long since, I was (strangely enough for a literary man) without change. "I will not forget you," said I, blandly, to the stall-keeper. He was an ill-looking fellow with dirty hands. The next time I went he accosted me, with outstretched palm. "You said you would not forget me, sir," he said. "Forget you!" I exclaimed; "while memory holds a seat in this distracted brain, &c." He seemed to admire the poetry, but I am afraid he would have preferred the sixpence. Such is taste!

When I yielded last week to the spontaneous outburst of rapture which startled all London, from Hoxton to Belgravia, I had not the most remote idea that Mrs. Alfred Mellon contemplated a benefit at the Adelphi next Wednesday, or I should unquestionably have invoked the patronage of the public on her behalf. If ever an *artiste* deserved well of Englishmen it is Mrs. Mellon—she has been an ornament to the stage and an honour to her sex, since she was first summoned to the footlights by a *Roll of the Drum*. Benefits are sometimes called appeals to a performer's friends. Their circle is generally limited, and in the appeal there is a sort of humiliation revolting to a high-spirited woman. Happily for Mrs. Alfred Mellon, she has, irrespective of many admirers who value her for her talents and private character, a large body of friends in the public. Yes; *the public at large* are alive to her worth, and they only wish to know how they can mark their sense of the immense entertainment she has afforded them in order to come down handsomely. Go to, then. Hie to the Adelphi, my pensive friends, on Wednesday. Don't defer it. Buy your tickets and take your places like men, and, if anything should prevent your going, be satisfied that you have done a good action and won the approbation of the MAN IN THE STALLS.

The Adelphi passes under the management of Mr. Charles Reade for the next three months. During that time he produces a dramatic adaptation of the novel with which the public have for some time past been charmed in a monthly magazine. *Put Yourself in his Place*, is alike the title of the story and the drama. Let us hope that it will prove more acceptable than *'Tis Never too Late to Mend*, which Mr. Vining rudely thrust down the throats of "the *general*." Charles Reade is a man of rare power, and can do great and original things when he is in the mood. But why does he scatter the best hands at the Adelphi? He ought to take the old live stock, with the estate. Is Robert Romer to go out to grass? Is C. J. Smith to be shelved?

Actors, now-a-days, are like Jack-o'-Lanterns. They flit; gleaming for a few weeks at one house, we find them soon after at another. Hermann Vezin, who is good enough to be retained anywhere as a fixture, has actually been at four theatres in little more than one year. He is now at the Globe, playing his *Man o' Airlie*. The same with George Honey. What Falstaff says of Dame Quickly, may be affirmed of George, "A man doesn't know where to have him." It is only at the Haymarket where a *troupe* is held together for a generation. It is pleasant to look upon the familiar fossil group, and mark the pertinacity of their belief, that "age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety." Howe has firm faith in his juvenility. You cannot persuade Rogers that he is not a boy, though it is a quarter of a century since he enacted a methodist parson at the Surrey. Little Clark would be offended if you hinted that he was above eighteen; and Coe insists upon it that *Young Norval* is the part for which voice, face, and figure, peculiarly adapt him. I believe he teaches elocution—by precept, rather than example, it is to be hoped. "It is easier to teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow your own teaching."—I believe that's Portia's. Buckstone, Compton, and "Old Chip" are really *bien conservés*.

The Theatrical Fund Dinner, and the performance for the Dramatic College, were, I am very happy to say, pecuniary successes. How could it be otherwise? The Prince of Wales, indefatigable in the performance of good offices, was the chairman of one entertainment and the patron of the other. Buckstone and the Prince made the speeches at the dinner; and there were some other harangues vilely delivered, but very felicitously reported. Boucicault is not an orator, as Charles Mathews is. Let him stick to his clever concoctions. The performance for the College was well arranged by Sothern. *Married Life* was really a *bijou*, cast as it was. Sheridan did not come off so well. I hope the College will stand and be, in perpetuity, a refuge for those poor creatures who yield us so much pleasure in their prime, and uphold an honourable calling. If it should fail, it will not be the fault of J. W. Anson. A more hard-working, sensible, good-hearted man does not live. The College is not the only institution which owes much to his indefatigable labour. There is a Sick Fund for which he toils incessantly; and there is likewise a Musical Burial Ground for which he raises funds. I suppose the spirits of Hamlet's Gravediggers perform for the latter institution, and "sing at grave making." Mozart's *Requiem*, and the *Miserere* from the *Trovatore* would be the favourite *morceaux* with those immortals. Anson takes a benefit on Tuesday next; and I earnestly hope, for a good man's sake, the house will be crowded.

Not yet having heard *L'Oca del Cairo*, nor the exhumed *Abu Hassan*, nor Mr. Grain at the Gallery of Illustration, I hold them in reserve for a week.

Lord Palmerston was eloquent upon the subject of a good caligraphy; and I remember reading a speech of Dean Stanley's at a Printers' Pension or Newsvendors' dinner, in which he dwelt on the cruelty of expecting printers to decipher the hieroglyphics sent by contributors to the press. I am afraid I must, in common justice, take upon my shoulders the blunders which appeared in my last paper. Between Planché and Platonism there is not much affinity—yet they were made identical in my remarks on the Enchanted Wood—"Platonic" appeared when "Planché" was intended. "Old-fashioned gardeners" were created by the addition of a syllable—"gardens" would have been nearer the mark. And in speaking of the readings of Actors, I was so absurd as to speak of their "inflations"—when, as Joe Gargery says, I *mentersay* "inflections." But these were mere spots on the sun's disc. They did not impair the effulgence of the luminary. At all events, I am individually responsible for the flaws, for I omitted to read the proofs.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

BEFORE resuming the thread of our narrative, we may take notice, in the briefest possible manner, of certain allusions to the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, which appeared a short time since in the columns of one or two contemporaries. The journals in question have made two statements, with the obvious aim of damaging the cause of the Nawab among those too ignorant or too idle to dispute their bold perversions of fact. The first is to the effect that His Highness is not the legitimate descendant of the Nawabs of Bengal. The second, that the history of his case is this: that a man who has one hundred thousand a-year is making a great disturbance because he has not three. In reply to the first charge, it may simply be stated that the legitimacy of the descent of Syed Munsoor Ullee has never been disputed by our Government. As to the second, it may be replied, first, that the Nawab does *not* receive 100,000*l.* a-year, nor anything like it. Secondly, that if he is entitled to 300,000*l.* per annum, he can hardly be blamed because he does not ask for 300*l.* Discussion with opponents who first boldly assert a "fact" which is not true, and then dispute the justice of a claim because the amount claimed is a large one, would be superfluous. So long as the Nawab has only such adversaries to deal with, his friends may anticipate his ultimate success with the utmost hopefulness.

In the brief and imperfect narrative of the matter we have endeavoured to place before our readers, we have set forth categorically the specific causes of complaint which the Nawab Nazim has against the British Government. We shall now direct their attention to the answer of the latter to the allegations brought against it, and to the single appeal for justice which it has as yet deigned to answer.

The responsibility of the Despatch of 1864, which may be considered a "reply on the whole case," rests with Lord Halifax, then Sir Charles Wood, who delivered what he evidently intended to be an exhaustive summing-up and judgment, and one which should dispose of the subject for ever. Sir Charles had received more than one memorial from the aggrieved Nawab, detailing injuries and praying for redress. For the usual official period, they had been treated with the usual official "reserve," an euphemism signifying the cold obstruction of the pigeon-hole. Worried at last, like another eminent official of whom we have all read, by the importunity of the applicant, the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for India disinterred the bundle of memorials, and, with what Orientalism would characterise as the pen of bitterness and the ink of injustice, proceeded to demolish the plaintiff's case.

In commencing his review of all the circumstances of the Nawab's position, Sir Charles Wood began, literally *ab ovo*, with the question of His Highness' descent; and, for the information of the contemporaries to whom we have referred, we may just quote a single paragraph from the passages devoted to a consideration of that part of the subject:—"The present Nawab Munsoor Ullee Khan is admitted to be a descendant of Meer Jaffir Ali." Having admitted this notorious fact, disputable only by those absolutely and entirely ignorant of the subject, the Indian Secretary proceeds to consider the nature of the treaties entered into between the British Government, Syed-ud-Dowlah, and Mobaruk-ud-Dowlah: the hereditary nature of which treaties, it is scarcely necessary to say, he denies. An admission that they possessed that character would be tantamount to an acknowledgment of defeat; so Sir Charles "concurs," according to the established formula, "with Your Excellency's Government in considering that under those treaties the Nawab Nazim of Bengal has no acquired rights."

We entered so fully into this question when the treaties were under consideration, that it is hardly necessary for us to recapitulate the incontrovertible arguments we then adduced to prove the hereditary nature of the treaty entered into with Mobaruk-ud-Dowlah, on which the Nawab founds his claim. It will only be necessary to refer to the two points, on which Sir Charles Wood relies to prove that the treaty obligations of his Government ceased, in both instances, with the life of the other party. The first point consists in the fact (an indisputable one) that the amount of stipend payable to Syef-ud-Dowlah was revised upon his death, with the full consent of his successor: "a proof," adds Sir Charles, "that the previous treaty was not considered to confer any hereditary rights." This may be quoted as an instance, not an isolated one, of Sir Charles being right in his premises, and egregiously wrong in his conclusion. The amount of stipend was, it is true, "revised" on the death of Syef-ud-Dowlah; the revision being much in the fashion of the "revision" of jewellery which took place at Mr. Beaumont's

the other day. The strong hand cuts away an enormous slice from the income of the weaker, and then urges the absence of impossible resistance as "acquiescence" in the wrong. It is the wolf and the lamb over again—with this addition, that the wolf pleads the non-resistance policy of his first victim as ground for eating his descendants, to the third and fourth generation.

The second point is so remarkable—to use no violent language—that we can hardly, even with the official despatch before us, convince ourselves that a British statesman has ventured deliberately to quote it as an argument in his favour. As we pointed out in our review of the nature and influence of these treaties, an important part in their interpretation consists in what we may term the *duration* clauses ; in those solemn aspirations that their provisions might be respected so long as was intended by the contracting parties. This duration was, our readers will doubtless remember, distinctly marked out in each agreement. At the end of the treaty made with Syef-ud-Dowlah, the formula, correctly given by Sir Charles is—"This Agreement (by the blessing of God), I hope, will be inviolably observed as long as the English factories continue in Bengal." It needs no Secretary of State to tell us that the duration here may be held to be limited. It was only on the (as the East India Company believed) final and exhaustive bleeding administered on the accession of the hapless minor Mobaruk-ud-Dowlah that the solemn conditions of the agreement were framed for all time. The Company having then wrung, as they believed, the last anna out of the Nizamut, a seal was put on the transaction, in these words : "This Agreement (by the blessing of God) shall be inviolably observed FOR EVER." It will scarcely be credited that the Secretary of State for India, in discussing this subject, in weighing the force of these particular clauses, and in endeavouring to show their temporary character, OMITS the words "FOR EVER" from his recital. To suggest that in a despatch, written with the evident deliberation which attended the construction of the one under consideration, this grave and significant omission was inadvertent, would be childish. We do not say that it was the result of that official unscrupulousness which, to prove a case, does not hesitate to alter the text of a treaty. But it *does* look rather as if the Secretary of State for India, having to prove a will in his favour, had been moved, in order to do so, to burn a codicil of later date.

After this inexcusable violation of what we may call the laws of civilised argument, we are prepared for anything ; and we read, without much more astonishment than indignation, that the titles and privileges enjoyed by the *present* Nawab could not be interfered with without a violation of the "assurances" which have been given him by our Government. "Assurances," indeed! The assurances are contained in the treaties entered into with his ancestors ; in the confirmations and ratifications of them in the letters of successive Governors-General ; above all, in the proclamation of the Queen of England, in assuming the direct sovereignty of the Indian Empire. The "assurance" of Her Majesty was :—

"WE HEREBY ANNOUNCE TO THE NATIVE PRINCES OF INDIA THAT ALL TREATIES AND ENGAGEMENTS MADE WITH THEM BY OR UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY ARE BY US ACCEPTED, AND WILL BE SCRUPULOUSLY MAINTAINED; AND WE LOOK FOR THE LIKE OBSERVANCE ON THEIR PART."

The assurance is a reciprocal ratification of existing treaties—no more, and no less. There is not, and never has been, any particular assurance given to, or any personal exception made in favour of, the present Nawab. His Highness asks for justice : he is not a suppliant for favour. The attempt to set aside the just claims of his family by an act of grace to himself personally, is an unworthy stratagem to divert attention from the real point at issue—the hereditary nature of the treaty with the Mobaruk-ud-Dowlah.

The following hit at the water cure was made by Charles Lamb, and none but himself could have made so quaint a conceit : "It is," said he, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

IT would have tasked a more active man than I to "do" the past racing week in a complete and satisfactory manner. From Chelmsford to Doncaster, and from York to Wye, with an off-day at Harpenden and another at Bromyard thrown in, to say nothing of a trip across the channel to Baldoyle, is a Cook's tour far beyond my capabilities ; and in avowing that I confined my attentions to one fixture I do so without a blush. Had the end of my journey been Wye or Harpenden, I might be accused of being a slothful prophet, but a trip to York is, even in these days, a "big thing :" and, if fortune is unpropitious, an expensive thing too. I may be permitted to confe that, had I known the indifferent two days' sport which was provided for its guests, I do not think I should have gone so far northwards as the Minster City.

The first day commenced with the Craven Stakes, for which White Slave, for whom the race was set down as a good thing, was an absentee ; and Promptress failing to stay home under her penalty, Ralph Lambton found little difficulty in landing. The Zetland Stakes brought out one or two good-looking horses among the ten which came to the post : the two Blair Athols, Columbus, and the Imperatrice gelding, being all a taking sort. Athol Daisy ran very fast, and seemed at the distance as if he was going to win easily, but he had no heart to struggle when called upon, and, shutting up like a hinge, let Columbus and the Imperatrice gelding pass him, a pretty race between the two resulting in favour of the Middleham colt by a neck. Of the four competitors for the Great Northern, Paul Jones and The Bobby were alone fancied ; a tight match between them proving the young one to be a neck better than Mr. Hodgman's unfortunate horse at 22lbs. The Knavesmire Plate afforded one more proof of the impossibility of even good three-year-olds conceding the weight they are called upon to give their juniors at this time of year, Perambulator being no match for the dark Sauntress at 32lbs, and consequently failing to realise our and Mr. Rayner's hopes ; while Brennus was equally unlucky in the Glasgow Stakes, with which Ptarmigan, another Blair Athol, flew easily away.

The second day's sport was of poorer calibre than that which preceded it ; the Flying Dutchman's Handicap being as great a failure as the Great Northern, while the card was unredeemed by the presence of any feature so interesting as the Zetland. The race called after Lord Eglinton's immortal horse was pronounced, after the secession of Idus, to have but one in it ; Musket looking quite good enough to support against such a miserable field as that which entered the lists against him. Waterloo, however, had been tried at home, it was whispered at last, good enough to fear nothing ; and, being freely supported by the partisans of his stable, permitted Mr. Payne to get a fair price about his representative. Waterloo proved fast but no stayer : the real danger to the black and white turning up in old Viscount ; who, running with unusual gameness, was only beaten half a length from the favourite. The Londesborough Cup was a foregone conclusion, when his party decided on running Simplon, who made all the running, and won with the greatest ease by a length : King of Clubs being the only horse within hail at the finish. Athol Daisy, getting off with a good lead, and never being approached, had no temptation to cut it, and consequently won the Stamford Plate in a canter ; with which piece of information I must conclude my meagre notes on a meagre meeting.

The fixtures for next week will be Bath, Croydon, and Stamford : to the first only of which is it necessary that I should turn my attention. Croydon and Stamford will, no doubt, both prove attractive gatherings ; but the programme for the first-named is at present quite in the rough ; while the tiny handicaps and vain repetitions of Stamford would but ill repay the prophet's labour. Even on Lansdown, where the racing will be of good average quality, the prevalence of small handicaps, in which the same horses figure perpetually, is painful, and I shall, I think, be justified in confining my labours to the larger and more important fish in the same stream.

The first race in Tuesday's list which deserves honourable mention, is the Beaufort Cup,—one of the few real remaining tests of the stamina of that much-abused animal, the British racer. Of the thirteen engaged, it is tolerably clear that not more than three have a chance of getting the distance with comfort to themselves or satisfaction to their backers ; and after Free Trade's Chester trials—severe ones to the backers of Cecil and Muster—we can hardly expect him to be fresh enough to beat Sabinus or Fusee. The former has shown his partiality for a distance on more than one occasion. The filly has achieved a wonderful Queen's Plate reputation, but has never been called upon to meet anything of high class. Under the circumstances I shall expect SABINUS to repeat his Metropolitan victory over a similar course, and Mr. Bell's filly to be second best at the finish.

The eighteenth Biennial Stakes for three-years will, I hear, but am most unwilling to believe, see Macgregor at the post. In the event of Mr. Merry being ill-advised enough to jeopardize his horse's Derby chance for the sake of a miserable £600, he will, of course, distance his competitors ; but as I earnestly hope, and still believe, that the crack will be an absentee, I shall expect to see RECORDER victorious : his most formidable opponent being likely to hail from Beckhampton.

The juvenile Biennial will doubtless produce something among the dark division capable of paying its way ; but even Church Militant, of whom I have long heard good accounts, will have to gallop to beat Steppe, who is, I fancy, destined to be uncommonly useful to Lord Anglesey before the close of her career.

The Somersetshire Stakes (a mile and five furlongs) will be the *piecè de resistance* of the second day, but the race, which has been surely declining in interest for years past, will hardly cause any great excitement, especially with the palpable blot in the handicap presented by the appearance of Threatener, 6st., a *loup-garou* which should frighten most of the competitors from the field. We look in vain for anything in high or low weights capable of defeating the Fyfield horse. Good fair veterans like Blueskin or Cock of the Walk cannot hope to concede upwards of 2st away to such a customer : nor can three-year-olds even as good as Captivator, 6st 11lbs, or Miss Sheppard, 6st 7lbs, give away the year and weight besides with any chance of success. The fact is, there is nothing "in it" but THREATENER ; and with a run it is any odds on his victory.

The Bath Handicap might fall to Lady Sophia, 6st 8lbs, or the Seamstress filly, 6st 4lbs, and Mr. Parr may be equal to the task of securing the Welter Stakes by the aid of Neroli.

The two-year-old races and and the remainder of the handicaps will be more wisely dealt with after Tuesday's running has afforded some kind of a reliable line.

FORECAST.

In the Arena.

ALTHOUGH some time has elapsed since the last meeting of the London Athletic, we have not as yet alluded to it, as a few lines that were written on the subject did not reach us in time for insertion. The most notable feature of the meeting was the fact of a scratch man winning a sprint race. The handicapping was far from good ; for, much as we rejoice to see the scratch men win, there were some very glaring errors in apportioning the starts, according to public running : for instance, why should Mr. Eames be compelled to start level with Mr. Baker, when the latter gentleman has beaten Mr. Eames at level weights on more than one occasion ? indeed, as Mr. Baker won the Championship 100 Yards, he at least ought to attempt to give a start to all sprinters ; but there is evidently a "sweet little cherub aloft" who watches over this gentleman, as may be well imagined, when he has ran but in five club handicaps and *won four of them*. No one can maintain that he is more than a fair good man, as on the only two occasions he has met first-class sprinters, he has been defeated. The Walking Handicap was very amusing, when one comes to contemplate the sublime generosity with which Mr. Rye, *on paper*, conceded Mr. Nunn ten seconds' start—it is true that every advantage should be given Mr. Nunn and others, who walk against Mr. Rye, on account of the "peculiar mode of progression" adopted by that gentlemen in his walking races ; but as even when left to his own devices he has never equalled, much less surpassed, Mr. Nunn's times, the reason for his conceding Mr. Nunn a start is, to us, a perfect enigma. By this rule—public form reversed—what start would he give Mr. Griffiths?

The Thames Rowing Club Annual Sports came off last Saturday in the grounds of Mr. Beresford, the M.P. for Southwark. The weather being fine there was a large attendance, and the racing good, considering the rough state of the ground : as usual in Mr. Rye's handicaps, the limit men had everything their own way. This most generous way of handicapping can only lead to one result, viz., the total secedence of good men from entering for these kind of races.

At the St. John's Wood Collegiate School Sports, Mr. Baker carried off the Strangers' Quarter very easily, as might be expected when a champion goes "pot hunting." The King's College Half-mile Open Handicap, Mr. Luck won very easily, and fully deserved his victory, after the harsh way he has been lately treated by the handicappers. The handicapper of this event was, doubtless, astonished to find the competitors start from marks different to those he had allotted ; but his mistakes were so glaring, that the starts had to be altered considerably by the committee : notably that of the winner, who, in the original handicap, had a far longer start than that with which he won.

The public favourite, Kelley, has again been matched ; this time with the champion Renforth, for a sculling match. Nothing would give more genuine pleasure than to see his victory ; but we cannot hope for his doing now what he failed to do two years ago. We were glad to see that the Northerners gave him a testimonial after his victory over Bright, as it shows how much a good man is appreciated, no matter what river he hails from, by the rowers of the Tyne.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), May 21 (first time these two years), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'AFRICANE. Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca; Inez, Madame Vanzini; Anna, Mdlle. Anese; Nelusko, Signor Graziani; Don Pedro, Signor Bagagiolo; Grande Inquisitore, Signor Capponi; Gran Sacerdote di Brama, Signor Tagliafico; and Vasco di Gama, Signor Naudin.

On this occasion the Opera will commence at eight o'clock, instead of half-past eight as on other evenings.

Next Week there will be Five Performances, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, May 23, DON GIOVANNI. Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Vanzini, Herr Wachtel, Signori Graziani, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Capponi, and Mdlle. Titiens.

On Tuesday Next, May 24, LA FAVORITA. Madame Pauline Lucca, Signor Graziani, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Mario.

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, May 26, LA SONNAMBULA. Amina, Madame Adelina Patti; and Elvino, Herr Wachtel.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements. TO-NIGHT (Saturday) FAUST. Mephistophiles, Mons. Faure (his first appearance in London these four years); Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

On Monday Next, Second Performance of Weber's ABU HASSAN. The libretto translated by Signor Marchesi, and the dialogue set to recitative by Signor Arditi, expressly for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane (Italian, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Costelli; Il Califo, Signor Ragueri; Mesrur, Signor Trevero; Zemrud, Madame Corsi; Zobaida, Mdlle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli. To be followed by Mozart's posthumous Opera-Buffa, in two acts, LODA DEL CAIRO (second time in England). The poem adapted by M. Victor Wilder. The Italian translation by Signor Zeffira. The dialogue set to "recitativo-parlante" by Signor Bottesini. Fabrizio, Signor Gardoni; Don Beltramo, Signor Gassier; Pasquale, Signor Trevero; Lo Schiavo, Mr. Lyall; Giacinta, Madame Corsi; Oretto, Madame Sinico; and Isabella, Mdlle Pauline Lewitzky (her second appearance).

Tuesday, May 24, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Corentino, Signor Gardoni; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Un Mietitore, Signor Rinaldini; Un Cacciatore, Signor Ragueri; Due Capraj, Mdlle. Vinta and Mdlle. Briani; Una Capraia, Madame Corsi; Un Capraio, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

Thursday, 26th, FAUST (second performance). Characters as before.

Saturday, 28th, Mozart's LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Mons. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky ((her first appearance in that character); Susanna, Mdme Volpini (her first appearance in that character in London); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character).

Monday, May 30, a favourite Opera.

Tuesday, May 31, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Characters as before.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.—Immense success of the new Extravaganza.

THIS EVENING, at 7.0, TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. At 7.30 precisely, the greatly successful original drama, in four acts, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. After which, at 9.45, a New Fairy Extravaganza, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, entitled THE ENCHANTED WOOD; or, the Three Transformed Princes, with exquisite and elaborate scenic effects by Hawes Craven, Maugham, and assistants, and beautiful costumes and appointments by Stagg and Mantle, of Leicester Square. An extensive Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Cormack. The entertainments supported by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. R. Phillips, J. G. Taylor, J. D. Beveridge, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne, and Henry J. Byron; Mesdames Alfred Mellon, Patti Josephs, M. Montgomery, Clara Thorne, Maria Harris, Nelly Harris, Clara Shelley, Cecil, Graham, Leigh Murray, and Furtado. Notice.—"The Prompter's Box," at half-past seven; "The Enchanted Wood," at a quarter to ten. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—SPECIAL NOTICE. Mr. WEBSTER begs to announce that, notwithstanding the very great success of the present entertainments, they must be withdrawn after Friday next, the 26th, in consequence of Mr. Webster's and Mr. Byron's provincial and other previous arrangements.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On SATURDAY NEXT, May 28, will be produced a new Drama, in four acts, by Charles Reade, Author of "Never Too Late to Mend," illustrative of the life struggles of a skilled workman in the North of England, founded on his popular story, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. New scenery by Hawes Craven. New dresses and appointments.

MISS FURTADO has the honour to announce her FIRST BENEFIT on FRIDAY NEXT, May 27. Entire change of performance. THE GREEN BUSHES, and two acts of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Tickets and places can be secured at the Box-office.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The very successful Comedy, FROU-FROU. To commence at half-past eight.

FRENCH PLAYS.—First Performance of Mdlle. MADELEINE BROHAN and Mons. REGNIER, both of the Théâtre Français, Paris, who will appear in Emile Augier's celebrated Comedy, L'AVENTURIÈRE, on MONDAY NEXT, May 23.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—At Seven (13th time), Comedy in three acts, called THE MAN OF QUALITY, adapted from Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse," by John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN

GAIETY.—As LORD FOPPINGTON.

GAIETY.—At a Quarter to Nine, Offenbach's latest and most popular three-act Opera Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. 29th time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

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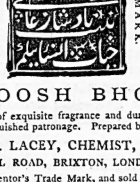

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